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KING EDWARD THE SECOND.

(*A Dramatic Poem.*)

BY PERCY RUSSELL.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE THE FIRST.—*Valenciennes. A Room in the House of SIR
JOHN OF HAINAULT.*

SIR JOHN OF HAINAULT and SIR ROBERT ARTOIS.

SIR ROBERT ARTOIS. The flight of Isabella I contrived.
You know that first from England she escaped,
By the good Bishop Orleton forewarned
Of plots prepared by both the Spencers 'gainst
Her life and that of her belov'd son.
The King, her consort, vicious and unwise,
Did use her most unkindly, and allowed
His favorites to insult her, till the Queen
Became degraded as the meanest serf.
All England sympathzies with her now ;
Its Barons in her cause united too.
But to resume,—to Paris first she fled,
Seeking a refuge at her brother's Court ;
There Charles, the Handsome, to his sister gave
Such warm reception as her wrongs deserved.
A noble knight, who suffered like his Queen,
From the sharp malice of the Spencers, laid
Both sword and fortune at her Royal feet,
And Mortimer stood forth her champion bold ;

When messages from Royal Edward came,
 Dictated, doubtless, by the Spencers too,
 Charging his brother, the good King of France,
 From foul dishonor England's crown to save,
 Restore the Queen, together with her son,
 And send back Mortimer to undergo
 The ignominy of a traitor's death.

SIR JOHN HAINAULT. What did King Charles?

SIR ROBERT ARTOIS. Straight for his sister sent.
 Then told her sternly that he should comply
 With each request of England's outraged King;
 Assumed her guilt, upbraiding till her blood
 Warmed into passion, and as when a flame
 Springs up in long grass scorched by summer's heat,
 The fiercer that it burns the wider grows,
 The ugly gap expanding—each green strip
 Receding further as the fire extends,—
 So this dissension fell like ashes on
 The sweet affection that subsisted once
 Between them. Ere he could his threats fulfil,
 I his intention from a rumur learned,—
 Rumours are never quite devoid
 Of some foundation—so forthwith arranged
 For the departure of the Queen and Prince,
 Which, by good fortune, was accomplished well.

SIR JOHN HAINAULT. And Mortimer came with you?

SIR ROBERT ARTOIS. Surely, I
 Should have lamented had he lost his life
 Thro' rash devotion to his injured Queen.

SIR JOHN HAINAULT. Where is his Highness then, the Prince of
 Wales?

SIR ROBERT ARTOIS. As I came hither with impatient step,
 I saw him hurry to the chamber next
 To this.

SIR JOHN HAINAULT. Indeed!—my niece was there anon.

Let us surprise them. Sould this pliant twig
Of England's royalty ere long desire
To graft the virgin Rose of Flanders on
His stock illustrious, who shall measure in
Ten years the power of our united towns?

SIR ROBERT ARTOIS. With all my heart, for, after these dark
plots,

To listen to the cooing of such doves
Will make our tempers even, and our pulse
Beat with a healthier and a kinder stroke.

SCENE THE SECOND. *Another Room in SIR JOHN HAINAULT'S
House. Philippa of HAINAULT solus.*

PHILIPPA. I fancy at some seasons, when alone,
And melancholy minded as I am,
That a kind angel is permitted to
Relieve the sadness that might else become
Too weighty to be borne, and draw aside
Part of the curtain that the future veils:
Exhorting us to quicken our dull steps,
And not to loiter in a waste of woe.
Yes, I am discontented, but without
A cause apparent. I must, then, be sure
'Tis something wanting. Let me reckon up
All the advantages that I possess.
First, I have health, and that my mirror shows;
Next youth, and am withal so light of foot
That I could dance upon a bed of flowers,
And glide most harmlessly among their stalks.
I have kind friends and loving relatives.
What lack I then? Most surely only this—

That, lacking one thing, I do lack the whole
 Intent and purpose of a woman's being.
 I lack that thing without which, tho' my path
 Lay thro' the gardens of a paradise,
 Watered by streams of honey and of milk,
 The wretched hind's wife, whose neglected babe
 Rolls with the swine on a clay-beaten floor,
 Would never envy my delicious lot.
 I dare not name it—yet, I know not how
 That the arrival of this English Prince
 Last night should rob me of my pleasant sleep.
 I care not for him—pooh! he is so young,
 A lupin hath as much beard as his chin,
 And whiter far his face than almonds blanched.
 True he is tall, but then too slender far
 To please my fancy. How I'm running on,
 As tho' I felt no melancholy touch!
 Well, it is strange, but truly I believe
 This silly musing has quite banished all
 The heaviness that so weighed down my heart.

(Enter EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, unperceived.)

Life is but short, and passes soon away,
 Therefore I long for some exalted seat,
 From whence, not ministering to selfish tastes,
 But working out the purpose of a life,
 Devoted unto Charity and Truth,
 I might decipher, even while on earth,
 A worthy epitaph engraven in
 The great heart of a people—

PRINCE EDWARD, *advancing*.

Be it so.

PHILIPPA, *confused*. My Lord!—I ask your pardon—but you
 came—

Are you in search of good Sir John, my uncle?
 He shall attend you—I will seek him straight.

PRINCE EDWARD, *detaining her*. Nay, rather I must your forgiveness ask,

For such a deed unknighly as to play
Eaves-dropper to a lady's spoken thoughts.
Yet stay, and, ere you censure, hear my plea.
It was but lately I a painter met,
Slender in form, with an impassioned face,
Deep dreaming eyes of an intenser blue
Than is the corn-flower, wedded to the wheat.
We met, and, after speaking of his art,
He told me that in Hainault he had seen
A vision that would haunt him until death;
A vision in the fashion of a maid .
Who realized his full conception of
The blessed Virgin. On an evening calm,
When lingering 'neath a terrace, he observed
This melancholy maiden peering forth,
Her head encircled with a frame of flowers.
The painter, gazing, felt her beauty grow
Upon him, till the paling blossoms there
All faded in the glory of her face,
As modest daisies round a perfect rose,
Would close their fringes o'er their dazzled eyes,
Hiding their shame with white humility;
While she appear'd like some chastest saint
Looking from heaven on the sinful earth,
In tender sorrow. From his memory
That painter drew the vision he had seen
To make him happy thro' remaining years.
With loveliness of such celestial kind,
Thro' recollection linked, who were not so?
That painter showed me what so well he drew,
And in the new joy of awakening love
I gazed in rapture, Philippa, on thee!

(Kneels before her.)

PHILIPPA. You mock me—'tis a trick, sir! must I, then,

For your amusement be insulted thus
With stories that the minstrels sing for bread?
You've coined this tale—but, oh! 'twas cruel thus
To punish one for uttering her thoughts—
A part most, most unworthy of a Prince.

(*Weeps.*)

Oh! it was cruel to insult me so.
But leave me now, I do beseech you, sir.

PRINCE EDWARD. I meant not to offend,—but if in truth
I should have hurt thee with my ill-judged words,
I may but plead the vehemence of youth.
If that thou lovest already,—speak the word!
I in my turn implore thee—is it so?

PHILIPPA. Ay! with the passion of a seraph soul,
And with the strength of the eternal hills!

PRINCE EDWARD. Enough, I, then, will leave thee, and this day
Shall be unto us as it ne'er had been.
Nay, I will strive thy happiness to make
Enduring as the favor of thy Prince.
Forget me—easy task 'twill prove for thee—
While I—

PHILIPPA. Is there forgetfulness in love?

PRINCE EDWARD. No, love is wakeful as the conscience of
The evil doer—wakeful mine will be,
When that thou art another's. Would—oh! would
The fatal secret of my heart had slept,
Ere, misconstruing those few words of thine,
I fancied in my folly I was loved.
Adieu! I leave thee—

PHILIPPA. I shall suffocate.
I have no words. Stay, Edward!—hear me, stay!

PRINCE EDWARD. Dismiss all fear lest I should e'er divulge
This frank avowal of your secret love.

I'll guard it safely as my honor dear.

PHILIPPA. He will not understand me! I must die,
Or speak more plainly—it is thou I love!
And e'en but now most frank confession made.

PRINCE EDWARD. Oh, joy! Oh, rapture! Speak it once again.
I'll live upon the movement of thy lips.
Nay, then, thy hand—

(Takes her hand.)

My life! my soul! the love
I bear to thee be sure will never fail,
Tho' every mountain from its base should flee,
As 'tis decreed, upon the day of doom.
Nor would I e'er resign thee e'en should Death
On his pale charger battle for my bride!

*Enter SIR JOHN HAINAULT and SIR ROBERT ARTOIS, and conceal
themselves behind a pillar.*

PHILIPPA. But then you are not free—this have I learned—
The traitor Mortimer—

PRINCE EDWARD. Most rightly styled!
I'm now the captive of these rebel lords,
The banner of their party, and I fear
My mother will, as I am, be compelled
To work some evil in a worthy cause.
Still, tho' so powerless here, I yet, be sure,
Can make thee mine for aye; I'll claim thee as
The price of my concession to their will.

PHILIPPA. Pause—weigh the matter well—be not in haste
To pledge your royal word to such as they.
But if Queen Isabella should be—

PRINCE EDWARD. What?

PHILIPPA. I may not say, but fervently I hope

The mother may prove noble as the son.

PRINCE EDWARD. Such dark thoughts banish. I have but one
wish,
To see thy uncle, and to claim thy hand.
Before the uncertain temper of these times
Divide us, sweet one—

(SIR JOHN HAINAULT *advancing*.) Then demand her now.

PRINCE EDWARD. Ay, as the white-winged bird who has this day
Crowned my glad brows with a celestial wreath,
And placed a blossom of undying joy
E'en in the very centre of my heart,
I do demand her. Now our compact's pledge—

SIR JOHN HAINAULT. For the destruction of the Spencers and
The restoration of our injured Queen,
To all her titles, revenues, and power.

SIR ROBERT ARTOIS (*advancing*.) And Mortimer, her well-tried
servant too—

PRINCE EDWARD. Shall be rewarded as his deeds deserve.
Enough, Sir John! Fair Philippa, I now
Must seek my royal mother—fare you well!
(*Exit.*)

PHILIPPA. And I will to some solitary spot,
And there my heart unburden of its joy.
(*Exit.*)

SIR ROBERT ARTOIS. A bait well set, sir, you have caught the
Prince.

SIR JOHN HAINAULT. I cannot guess at riddles, and methinks
You caught a sweet name for your Mortimer.

SIR ROBERT ARTOIS. Ha! true—he called him traitor.

SIR JOHN HAINAULT. Whether so
Or lealest subject, I have little care.

Knightly employment in some great emprize
Is all I aimed at when I joined the Queen.

SIR ROBERT ARTOIS. A hint receive, then—and my words mark
well,
There will be little honorable strife,
But much foul murder when we England see.

SIR JOHN HAINAULT. Stay, you forget the Prince—

SIR ROBERT ARTOIS. He's wholly in
The clutch of Mortimer. Watch the event.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE THE THIRD.—*A Room.*

QUEEN ISABELLA *solus.*

QUEEN ISABELLA. I must dissemble. Ha! dissemble?—then
Must I be guilty—nay, the pure sometimes
Assume a part when foes around them rage.
Be silent, Conscience; O, thou still small voice!
If I am sinning be for ever mute.
Yet wherefore should I heed thee? Edward broke
Each fair profession that he made his—queen,
Permitting those who, like tormenting flies,
Hatched in the fervor of the sultry noon,
Sprung from corruption into gaudy life,
To feed on and defile each pleasant thing
That was her portion whom he should have loved.
When Gaveston in his presence I accused
Of kindling strife between us, did he not
Play with the long curls of the favourite,
And, smiling sweetly, pat him on the cheek?
Then was I well nigh roused to such revenge

Enter MORTIMER.

MORTIMER. Thinking of his Bride.

MORTIMER. I am no Edward to be slain with words,
Or moved, as he was, with a foolish tear ;
But man and warrior. 'Twas for this you said

That Mortimer was cherished, that he could
Be both as gentle as a summer's breeze,
That feebly struggles through a field of flowers,
And bold as was a sea-king drinking from
The skull of his slain foe.

QUEEN ISABELLA.

Be gentle now.

And if our son has plighted thus his troth,
No union can be legal till he gain
The Sovereign's and the Parliament's consent.
Be, Mortimer, but faithful unto me ;
Since should'st thou prove false, then adieu all hope ;
For my last bridegroom would be black Remorse.
Read me some comfort, prove my conduct be
Excused by provocations sore received :
O, reason as a sophist—as a devil !
But for my wounded conscience give me balm.
Tell me—O, tell me that I am not guilty ;
That I but answer to the People's call
To free them from a Tyrant governed by
The bad and vicious—are the Spensers not—

MORTIMER. Deadly as henbane—loathsome as the snake !

QUEEN ISABELLA. Support me, Mortimer ; nor leave me till

We've gained the victory or are ruined quite.
I'll see it thro', and yet my heart—my heart
Smarts with such poignant anguish as it were
In nettle leaves enfolded.

MORTIMER.

Nay, you take

These things too much to heart. Say, hast thou not
The firm assurance of my deathless love ?

QUEEN ISABELLA. And am I loved then ?

MORTIMER.

Surely ; is this not

Some ecstasy of a bewildered brain ?
Now duty calls me to review our force—

The embarkation must be early.

(Exit.)

QUEEN ISABELLA.

So.

What fatal weakness makes me thus expose
The working of my heart? No more—henceforth
I'll be unyielding, rigid, stern, severe,
Concealing all the anguish that I feel.
I'm now thy unforgiving ruthless queen,
Pronouncing judgment upon all my foes.
Adieu to pity, tenderness, and all
The soft emotions of our sex. Oh, King,
Thou'st treated Isabella like a child,
Expect the treatment that a cruel child
Deals when 'tis bitten by some feeble pet.

Enter EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES.

PRINCE EDWARD. My mother, it is well we are alone;
For I am troubled with remorseful fears
Relating to this voyage we undertake—
This fell invasion of my father's realm.

QUEEN ISABELLA. Then art thou free to go; the Spencers join,
I will not hinder such desertion base.
Forget not that the King negotiates
With Aragon your marriage long proposed—
With Eleanor—
So, should you join him at this crisis, he,
In gratitude for your devotion, would
To pleasure you the nuptials hurry on—
Go, it were better.

PRINCE EDWARD. Madam, spare me this;
My word is pledged not to desert you at
This hour of need, and, furthermore, you know
That this alliance with the House of Spain
Was ever hateful—

QUEEN ISABELLA And with Flanders too?

PRINCE EDWARD. You penetrate my secret, but it was
My full intent to speak of that anon.

QUEEN ISABELLA. Yet understand me well, I do not blame
Your choice, my son—

PRINCE EDWARD. Affectionate and kind !
I sought you out to say that if you struck
At the two Spencers only, and designed
That moderate reform which needed is
Where the neglect of a too slothful King
Has let the tares usurp the place of wheat,
Then I am with thee, and will nightly pray
That at the altar of St. Stephen's yet
My parents may be reconciled again.

QUEEN ISABELLA. Then be contented, all, indeed, is well.

PRINCE EDWARD. And Mortimer ?

QUEEN ISABELLA. You make me blush, my son !
He is a true knight, and but draws his sword
To battle in the cause of me, his Queen.
You shall be wedded to this Flemish maid—
This Philippa of Hainault—see, I know
Her name and station, tho' in truth I heard
Of your quick wooing but a moment since.

PRINCE EDWARD. Forgive me that I harbored in my heart
But one suspicion of my mother's faith,
I now will leave thee—

QUEEN ISABELLA. Seek your Philippa,
Assure her we already hold her as
Our own dear daughter.

PRINCE EDWARD. All must now be well.

(*Exit.*)

QUEEN ISABELLA. My heart responds not to those parting words.
This marriage must be,—for the dowry will

Supply the means without which we might fail.
 We must secure it, since it gives the power
 To raise more hirelings—but if he should think
 We meant—hush ! 'tis too horrible a thought
 To utter now 'neath such a noontide sun,
 Lest from its rays a spectre start to life.
 No ! no ! this gallant Prince must humored be
 To his full bent, until events compel
 Him to pursue them e'en against his will.

(*Exit.*)

SCENE THE FOURTH.—*Another Room in SIR JOHN HAINAULT'S House*

MORTIMER *solus.*

MORTIMER. I have a hard task to preserve my own
 Between the terrors of the mother and
 The scruples of the son ; some latent love,
 Like the last water cast upon a fire,
 Still hisses in the fury of her hate,
 But with these pangs of conscience 'twill die out ;
 For her repentance, being born of fear,
 Not of a heart awakened to its sin,
 Will dry like vapors in Success's sun.
 Repentance ? I am reasoning like a clerk ;
 However, 'tis a good thing taken as
 A boat to save us when the vessel sinks
 With all that we can covet of this world !

(*Takes out a scroll.*)

Now for the news from England.

(*Reads.*)

“ Linger not.

The Spencers work with energy untired

To strengthen their position ; more delay,
And the creation of a standing force
Would set you at defiance. Now the land
Is quite defenceless, and the people all
Are ready to support their injured Queen,
Since every class breathes discontent against
A monarch who would all things sacrifice
Thro' friendship blind for this one family.
More, Lancaster will join us ; I myself,
Denouncing Edward from the altar, bring
The terrors of religion to thy aid.
Another word yet, Harwich is a port
Friendly to Isabella and to thee."
Truly, good Orleton, for a Bishop thou
Most creditable traitor art.
This quick betrothal of the Prince of Wales
Secures Sir John of Hainault and his knights.
Our embarkation must take place at once.
At Dort the Prince rests, and our transports there,
Equipped completely, in the haven ride.
With Isabella him I join at once.
Entangled thro' his love for Philippa,
We'll whirl him quick thro' Revolution's storm,
Till, by participation in our deeds,
He, past all separation, is involved
In the proud fortune of great Mortimer !
But softly for awhile, we must not shock
The tender heart of this fastidious youth,
But lead him blindfold on, from act to act,
Until we plunge him in that last red pool
That shall baptise him ours for evermore !

Enter SIR ROBERT ARTOIS.

Welcome, Sir Robert,—are your men prepared ?
I have advices from our English friends,
And our success depends upon the use
We now make of the present that is ours.

SIR ROBERT ARTOIS. My lord, your counsel harmonizes well
With my ideas. You know the Prince of Wales
Is now in Dort with Lady Philippa,
Who, as the rumour runs, proceeded there
That she may witness his departure, since
Queen Isabella has instructions sent
That with the first fair wind the fleet should sail ;
Despatches she received that came with yours.

MORTIMER. Enough Sir Robert. I now charge you with
The preparations for our setting out.
Happy the man is, be he who he may,
Who at St. Paul's for Isabella shouts,
When London is our own, and Mortimer
Is master of the Tower, whose gloomy wall
So lately held him captive. Ha ! ha ! ha !

SIR ROBERT ARTOIS. Count me the Queen's and your's, my
lord, till death.
I hasten these instructions to obey.

(Exit.)

MORTIMER. I knew not Isabella had received
Advice from England. Lancaster, no doubt
Has sent to offer his important aid.
Just now I must appear to shun her, since
'Tis prudent so to do. Indeed, of late
I've scarce received more of her favour than
Might be extended tow'rd me were I but
Sir Roger Mortimer, a simple knight,
Devoted to the vindication of
The sullied honor of an injured Queen.
It will not be so long.
The Tower of London—it was there I last
Saw my—pshaw ! what an ugly word was near
Escaping from me ! Jane de Joinville—so,
A pretty fool, whom once I petted as
Some smiling child, I swear that that was all.

But lives she still ? sure there was something said
Of an encounter 'tween her and the Queen
Let every Saint forbid it ! yet ere now
She may be starved or crazy, for I well
Remember Orleton wrote me some mad jade
Had frightened Isabella, and had been
Intrusted to Sir Thomas Gurney's charge,
To keep the poor weak creature out of harm.
It must have been Jane by the ravings that
Unto me were reported. Well it saves
My mind from being anxious on that score.
And whether he should starve her, or permit
Her to protract a miserable life,
Troubles me not.

(*Exit.*)

SCENE THE FIFTH.—*Dort. A Room in a House looking towards
the Sea.*

EDWARD PRINCE OF WALES and PHILIPPA OF HAINAULT.

PHILIPPA. And you must leave us—must embark at once ?

PRINCE EDWARD. For the invasion of my father's realm.

PHILIPPA. O ! surely Edward, it cannot be well
For son to leaguer with his father's foes.

PRINCE EDWARD. Ay ! when his mother is, indeed, the chief.

PHILIPPA. Queen Isabella !—Oh ! if guilty—

PRINCE EDWARD. Stay !
Let none accuse her while her son is by.
The Queen of England is beyond reproach.

PHILIPPA. I ask your pardon.

PRINCE EDWARD. Did I wound thee, love?
Forgive my petulance, I knew not what
I was replying to. My temples ache.

PHILIPPA. If with pain only easy in relief,
I'll fly this instant—

PRINCE EDWARD. Philippa! remain,
Look thro' the casement, say what see you there?

PHILIPPA. Eight gallant war barks in the harbor moored.
Why do you ask me?

PRINCE EDWARD. (*Grasping her arm.*) Listen, can you with
The feeble breath of your two trembling lips
Lash up that calm sea into tumult wild,
Blow the tall masts from those presumptuous decks,
And drive them unto shipwreck on the shore?

PHILIPPA. Oh! Edward! this is fearful! grasp me not
So tightly—I have not offended thee?

PRINCE EDWARD. Say, canst thou work such ruin? Answer, ha!
Speak, from those gentle eyes can lightnings come
As from my mother's?—yet I've seen her look
Upon my father with a tenderness
That had deceived an angel—
If that thou hast the power, then let them flash
On Mortimer, until he shrivel up
As fresh leaves spluttering in a green-wood fire;
Or, failing this, canst thou transport me hence
Across yon ocean, swiftly as the flash
Of a quick sunbeam darting thro' a mist,
That I may warn an unsuspecting king
Of his impending ruin? Mercy, no!
I then should lose thee—awful, precious pledge
Of my devotion to this league accursed.

Should lose thee ! lose the only angel that
Can bring me any peace.

PHILIPPA. I—I, the pledge
Of some unholy compact ?

PRINCE EDWARD. What said I ?
Forget it. I was raving mad, distraught.
Think but on our next meeting—'twill be soon,
Ha ! 'twill be after I am what I shall
Be when the—let me, let me go, I say !
'Tis agonizing to behold thee. No !
It is the anguish of a joy accursed !

PHILIPPA, *holding him*. Unless you kill me, I will hold you till
You tell me whether I am really loved.

PRINCE EDWARD. Yes ! to the ruin of a noble house.
Yes ! to the treachery that betrays a sire.
Yes ! to the shame of treason to my king.
Yes ! to the pandering to a mother's sins.
Yes ! to the infamy of honor lost.
Yes ! to the danger of my living soul.
They, they await me ! I am theirs and thine !
I dare not linger—Philippa, farewell !

(*Exit.*)

PHILIPPA. He's gone—gone—shall I ever see him more ?
Stay, Edward ! Edward ! Oh ! he hears me not.
What truth lay hid beneath those doubtful words !
Oh Edward, I am fainting ! quickly bear
Me from this growing darkness—give me air !

(*Swoons.*)

END OF ACT THE THIRD.



ZVETA'S RANSOM.

A Tragic Tale of Herzegovina.

BY MRS. LAMSON.

Author of "Rook's Dene."

CHAPTER VI.

"Foul deeds will rise
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them to men's eyes."

THAT long black-letter day was at its close. The full bright moon had risen upon the dishonoured plain before Velikovitch turned toward his father's house. Despair and gloom filled his heart, and a poignant sorrow had all but crushed his proud spirit.

Of Thekla, his beloved, not a whisper had been heard; and he could not say if she were living or dead, or, indeed, that he wished to know. But of Inka's fate there was little doubt; and it brought before the brother a vision from which he turned with a sickening recoil—he could not trust himself to picture the fair, delicate child, in her fragile loveliness, transplanted to the Upas-poisoned atmosphere of a Pasha's harem. A peasant from his hiding-place had seen the gay cavalcade on its way to the frontier, and had recognised the child as it slumbered in the arms of a soldier. It was little satisfaction to know that the darling had not be roughly handled; and the garments thrown around her were rich and gorgeous, as became a royal protégée. To her brother this only indicated the perdition to which body and soul were destined.

Velikovitch was experiencing for the first time the depth of a sorrow which tears cannot relieve, and which can find no language of utterance. He was also in anticipation tasting of that vengeance which is beyond the reach of curses, or the power of expression.

Stunned and benumbed, he dragged his heavy feet across the

plain as if an iron weight were chained to his limbs. He had lost the power of connected thought—his reveries were to no purpose, and of no coherent form. He went on thus mechanically over the oft-traversed way, past deserted houses and darkened hearths, forgetting he was alone and almost unarmed, while the enemy might be lurking in ambush at any step, until, at a sharp turn in the road, he met a mounted Turk, slowly walking his horse across the turf. A woman was lashed to the saddle beside him.

The vision brought life to Karnak's sluggish blood; he was no longer benumbed and heavy footed. At a glance he recognised the victim. In all the vale there was no other form like Thekla's—no other head could boast the wealth of raven tresses which now like a kindly veil fell around the unhappy girl, as if to hide the trembling form from the world's rough gaze.

The recognition was mutual. A smothered mournful cry escaped the poor pale lips, as she made a vain effort to stretch forth the bruised and pinioned hands. He saw it all—every fibre of his frame was stirred, and he seemed inspired with super-human tact and strength. Quicker than it can be told, he had thrown the imperious rider and his horse. It was no easy matter to cut the girth and detaining cords, with his belt knife, and release his bride, before the struggling horse and his rider should be upon their feet again. But a second stroke laid steed and master senseless, and Thekla was in his arms. In broken-hearted cries and sobs she told her story of dishonour.

"Oh! touch me not, my brave betrothed! I am no more worthy to rest upon thy bosom—but I have loved thee to the last. Oh! let me die with thee—for they are coming, and will kill thee for this. Oh! let us die together. Oh! Karnak, darling! give me not back to lead a life of shame!"

Velikovitch looked in despairing agony upon every side for a refuge or assistance. Ah! if the earth would but receive them in her bosom! If the hard rock of the mountain side would but reveal a friendly sanctuary! Alas! for hope! Velikovitch dared not even summon his lusty brothers from their watch in the steep passes;—horsemen were approaching, with clanging swords and bristling steel.

It was but an instant, that interval of agonizing suspense, yet the anguish of a hopeless eternity seemed crowded in the tiny space to the two fond hearts, beating their last strokes together!

A dash of Turkish cavalry, covering them with dust, bore quickly down upon the hapless pair. The sight of quivering horse and prostrate rider startled the men, and made them suddenly rein in their chargers, before they perceived their waiting victims.

Velikovitch knew that resistance was folly. He clasped his darling closer and closer to him, with an arm of iron, and whispered, in unfaltering voice, "We will die together, my bride!—may God have mercy on our souls!"

The valley rang with the ribald jests of the Turkish troopers.

"Ha! ha! a Christian dog, by Allah! with a *houri* in his arms! But listen, Ghiaour, to what the Prophet says—" and the jester laid his hand upon Thekla's arm. In the next moment he was rolling in the dust, beneath his horse's feet, beside the senseless figure of the vanquished rider.

Ere his companions, in the rage of infuriated monsters, could close upon him, Velikovitch had again clasped the maiden in his arms. A kiss of farewell was hastily pressed upon her lips, and he held her at arm's length.

"Oh! God of mercy!" he cried, "I can give her soul to thee!—but her honour to the Mussulman—*Never!*" At that last frenzied cry, he plunged his dagger deep into the pure devoted heart.

Even the brutal soldiery, for a moment awed, drew back in horror, as Karnak laid the cherished form upon the crimson turf.

Before they had time to recover their self-possession, and lay hands on him, he had started to his feet—uncovering his head as he dashed his sword and musket upon the ground, and turned a defiant brow to the astonished men.

"I resist no more. Do with me what you will!"

The heart sickens, and memory would not recall the horrors of that night of torture, with its demoniacal refinements of cruelty, in which the brave young warrior expiated his offence.

Had anyone been hardy enough upon the morrow to wander

among the smoking, blackened ruins of the doomed Nerontza, they would have started back, to see impaled, before the wreck of his father's homestead, the gory head of the daring, desperate Velikovitch.

There it mounted guard for days, until the mountaineers came down to give it, and the mutilated body, a burying-place in the sequestered glen, where the same devoted hands had killed his own dear bride-elect.

CHAPTER VII.

“A sorrow's crown of sorrow
Is remembering happier things.”

WEEKS and months have rolled on to years since that terrible tragedy of the plain.

Veliko, the Knezè, recovered from his bodily wounds; but his bleeding heart had never healed. With the single lamb that had been spared of this once happy flock, he dwelt in the humble cot, which had risen with no little difficulty from the smouldering foundations of the once comfortable, hospitable home. But he, poor man, was a greater wreck than the abode from which violence had driven him. From the hour that he learned the fate of his Inka, and the dishonoured death of his son, a smile had never been seen to lighten his grim countenance, nor a merry word escape the lips which in other days seemed only to open in kindly salutations or loving greetings. The fount of love and forgiveness was sealed, and the Knezè Veliko had become a gloomy, taciturn old man, tottering and unsteady in step, which with his long white beard and silver locks flowing over his shoulders, gave the impression of an octogenarian trembling upon the verge of the grave.

Poor Zveta's life had little to brighten it. Lamentations for the young lamb that had been stolen from the fold filled her heart from morn to night. Her grief for the darling brother had been acute and agonizing; but the first poignancy was over, and she could find arguments of consolation, and matters for hope to feed

upon, in thoughts of his early loss. So the fate of the beloved Thekla filled her with as much horror as anguish; but after the first shock she could not lament that Thekla was at rest. But what could comfort her in thoughts of the lost little one? Alas! nothing! True they never had any intelligence of her fate. The grave can scarcely hold its secrets more inviolable than the harem of a Turkish prince. There was nothing to do but to pray for resignation, and never give imagination the rein.

Neither was their sorrow quite unshared. The long list of kidnapped children and broken-hearted maidens was drawn from nearly every household in the oppressed land. Happy, indeed, the home from which some bright, brave, precious son had not been led a martyr, or a timid, modest maiden been dragged to minister to a licentious lord. Happier tenfold—thousandfold, the weeping father and mother who, reversing nature's laws, had followed their spotless darlings one after another to an early grave.

How many an aching, broken heart listened in envious silence as they heard of those fair realms in the glorious West where no such terror could possibly arise; where law and justice worked together; where the hard-handed children of toil could reap what they had sowed, and gather what they had reaped—where the humblest cot of the peasant is his castle, is as much under the protection of righteous law as the palace upon whose front a princely escutcheon is hung. Oh! what an earthly paradise those free realms seemed to the breathless listener, and what an improbable statement of history that would have them believe their own mountain bound plains had once been as free and prosperous as these blessed lands toward the setting sun.

In about the same proportion as Veliko's resuscitated dwelling, within and without, resembled his early home, so the cabins and cots which reappeared in the devastated hamlets were like the tidy cottages, with their air of thrift, which had been replaced.

The inevitable Aga still made his periodical visit, and took his unjust contributions. Perhaps Nerontza had lost its prestige among the villages of those mountain sides—perhaps the fact had even pierced an Aga's intelligence that blood was not to be sucked from a stone; or, it may be, that terrors of the mountain

band gave significance to legends of the past. It is possible that discretion had been taught in the repetition of the mysterious stories of disappearance—always unexplained, which hung around the fate of a certain Aga Yossef. Whatever may have been the cause, it is very sure that the people had only the usual amount of oppression to complain of. Thus time fled, and a comparative amount of prosperity—yearly more marked, was granted to the stricken Nerontza.

The wretched people, too, had learned a significant lesson. They had been taught too well what obvious prosperity in a Christian community meant to the eyes of a Turkish tax-gatherer; and if there were any golden hoards they did not manifest themselves in luxurious ways of life. A very decided want of heart was evident—loyalty was at a low ebb—and a lower life was becoming yearly the standard of the people. How could it be otherwise, when they had learned to submit to insults—not to resist outrages of every conceivable kind, and bow as slaves before the tyranny which had put a yoke upon every neck?—self-respect and noble motives of action had been degraded, and the national process of deterioration went on.

Even the stalwart arm of the haïdouks was losing muscle. The band had constantly to be recruited from the youth of tender years, as one veteran after another descended to the plains to pursue a more profitable career. Yet bold and determined spirits still watched over the lowland interests from their mountain homes. Among these the dauntless Petrovitch stood foremost in the ranks, and was such a leader as might have led crusaders on to triumph—even as he tended the kine, and called the flocks from their craggy heights, he was sharpening the weapons of warfare which would never rust in his hands. He had a prophetic eye, and foretold the “abomination of desolation” which would settle upon those Christian provinces—even as the holiest spots of earth have been defiled and laid waste by the incarnate corruption which lifts its head upon the Bosphorus, and dictates laws and codes of expediency, with intimations and warnings to the great nations of the world.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PROBATION.

"I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die."

WHEN the daughter of Veliko recovered from the first terrible shock her brother's death occasioned, to realize there was no longer a young brave arm upon which to lean for support or protection, her heart turned longingly to that substitute for natural ties which in her land had survived many obsolete customs once practised in those regions of poetry and song.

In response, therefore, to this tender sentiment, over the grave of her own precious Karnak the bereaved Zveta took to her heart, in his stead, an adopted brother, or a "brother-in-God," as the simple people called this relation, which is as pure as an angel's ministry, and absolutely excludes all grosser affections. Love and wedlock are put in the same category of impossibilities in which they are held by children born of a common parent, and are looked upon as equally monstrous and blasphemous.

This adoptive brotherhood still prevails in those countries widely among young men who are brotherless, or have lost their kinsmen in death, but it is quite within the rôle for a young woman thus to replace a departed brother.

Zveta's first tearful appeal was made to Vasa Manovitch, a youth whom she had long known, and for whom she had great respect, because of the character he sustained for filial devotion. But, as an evidence of the sanctity in which this adoptive connection is held, it must be told that the maiden's overture was received with great dismay. Vasa drew back with a mingling of grief and horror, as he said, "I have had other hopes of thee, fair Zveta. Give me, I pray, more than a brother's right to protect and avenge thee. It is many a month that I have longed to ask thee to be my wife. I cannot be to thee a brother-in-God when it stirs my pulse to see thee, and makes

my heart leap when I touch thy little white hand, or even hear thee speak."

The maiden's lip trembled, and scarlet blushes suffused her very neck and ears, while her eyelids drooped in modest shame, for she had sought the interview. Perhaps, too—no one knew—that his speech had sent an answering chord vibrating in her own pure heart. Howbeit, her reply was quiet and firm, "Enough, good honest Vasa, and pardon my bold request. I had not dreamed of this, and thought of thee only as my brother's friend, or I would have spared thy brave heart the pain of the only answer I can give. It is not for me to marry. My mission is to minister to my unhappy father so long as God spares him to me. He has but me in all the world. But let me thank thee, Vasa, for thy truthful answer, while assuring thee that thy secret will lie buried in my grateful heart. But I cannot be thy wife."

And thus it was that her thoughts turned to the chieftain of her brother's band—his friend of all earthly friends. And she went to him in many doubts. Could he, she asked, stoop to think of a friendless girl,—that hardy, fearless haïdouk? But he did think of the stricken sister of his friend, and over Karnak's grave Ianka Petrovitch and Zveta "the fair," as she was called, became brother and sister-in-God. From that hour it seemed that an angel kept watch over the lonely maiden.

(To be Continued.)



THE SOUL'S DESIRE.

BY PERCY CLARIDGE.

WHERE the pale Aurora softly tints the dim horizon
With the pale reflection of her clear translucent light ;
Moving like a monarch, with a train of golden glory—
Breaking through the fetters of the arch usurper, Night ;

Where, in dusky gloaming, noble Sol, with purple splendour,
Dips his golden sceptre down below the fevered West,—
Cynthia, the silvern, with her bright attendant maidens,
Watching, in sweet unison, a hemisphere at rest ;

Where the clear blue heavens seem to open out a vista,
Resplendent with the beauties of unfathomable space,
Flecked by clouds of silver, that, with purity transparent,
Float like wings of angels round the firmament of grace,

Drifting ever onwards like some poor lost wand'ring spirit,
Tossed by evil passions on the sea of discontent ;
'Trembling lest the glories, which they hide with sullen envy,
Should within their mantle find a temporary vent ;

Where the blue empyrean, all sunny, soft, and peaceful,
Slumbers like the bosom of a maiden young and fair,
Placid, calm, and tranquil, while the gentle soothing zephyrs
Steal like amorous sighs from the sweet bosom of the air ;

Where the raging tempest, on the smiling restful stillness,
Bursts in all the grandeur of its weird majestic might,
Wantonly destructive in the blindness of its fury,—
Making earth's poor creatures veil their heads in pale affright,

While, through depths chaotic, the pale lightning's vivid gleam—
Track out in the darkness a long, transient, lurid path, [ings
And the deaf'ning blazon of the harsh celestial trumpets
Sound denunciation of the awful storm-gods' wrath ;

There—in those vast regions, far beyond our weak conceptions,
 Untrammel'd by the limits of a tributary world,—
 Far above the highest of all mundane aspirations,—
 Fain the longing pinions of my soul would be unfurl'd !

There—in realms of mystery, on whose extent to ponder
 Staggers earthly reason with an overwhelming awe,—
 Infinite and mystic, far beyond earth's comprehension,
 Owing but allegiance to Nature's boundless law :

Where ambitious spirits may for ever breathe in freedom—
 Freedom which is wanting in a narrow human breast ;
 Borne on the light pinions of its own imagination,
 There the soul, for ever, would abide in peaceful rest !

THE DEATH OF SAPPHO.

BY J. SKIBDEN.

“**T**HIS the steep rock, whence kind Poseidon, king
 Of the dark ocean, welcomes weary souls,
 Fleeing the troubles of the shallow world,
 And offers realms of rest. Perchance he waits
 Beneath, his scarce-curbed steeds pawing the wave,
 To bear me, queenly-chariotted, through foam
 And sun-shafts to his palace gates, a gift
 To Amphitrite and her Nereids,
 Ruled by the awful trident ; whose sweet praise
 Shall consecrate my song. What were it worth
 To live a loveless life, or, worse, a life
 Of unrequited love, whilst those I knew
 Inferior, uninspired, with no keen sense
 Of loss when Love is lacking, with no notes
 Of high strung passion mute within void hearts,
 Are mated, and with mother's pride behold

Their hardy offspring, and a stalwart sire
Leading them forth to war?

It hath been held
That the lorn lover, leaping from these heights,
Is healed of sharpest pangs, and all her sighs
Stilled in oblivion's infinitude;
O bitter irony! for though she escape
The jagged reefs, what wandering wave can cure
The heart by Eros wounded? Only true,
When knowing one sure remedy for pains
Of love, 'tis sought among the bristling spires
And sheltering surge.

O heartlessness of men,
And Phaon above all! A ferryman
Wrinkled and seared, that daily plied his oar,
Till Aphrodite,—my fair patroness,—
Crossing to Mitylene, paid no toll;
But from that day the boatman's face was lit
With beauty, and his palsied limbs transformed
To mould and hue of youth. Whom when I saw,—
Even I, who had rejected wealth of kings,
And scorned caress of nobles famed and great,—
My heart leapt, and fresh thoughts were born within,
Giving me secret pleasure erst unknown,
Yet subtly mixed with pain. But he loves not,
Nor turns a tender gaze on me from depths
Of sunny eyes in which I read his soul;
And such is woman's love, that if it find
No kiss, nor glance, nor any sweet return,
It passeth bounds and feeds upon the frame
That holds it. Wherefore life is now but death,
And death new life to me. To the soft Queen
Of Love and Passion will I pray, then seek
The welcome gloom of Pluto's realm!"

Awhile

She fixed her wistful eyes upon high heaven,
And on her close-clasped hands the delicate veins
In purple stretched. And looking lingeringly

On far horizon and resplendent fields,—
As a white sea-gull cleaves the yielding air
Hasting to float upon the nether wave,—
She spurned the rock, a moment in the breeze
Fluttered her snowy robes, then silence reigned ;
But by the margin of the murmuring tide
There lay a stainless soulless maiden form.

LONG AGO.

BY GEORGE GILPIN.

SWEET times come back to me, love ;
The times of long ago—
Those times can be no more, love,
That dawn'd as morning's glow.

Then all our hopes were one, love ;
And soul to soul was join'd—
The music of our vows, love,
Was in soft whispers coin'd.

The violet knew thy grace, love,
And droop'd to find its peer ;
All things confess'd thee pure, love—
To all wert thou endear'd.

Those days were all our own, love,
And cherish'd, dearly joy'd ;
But all their glory's pass'd, love,
And all their sweets destroy'd.

And other times have come, love,
That brought their glad content ;
But each hath been as pains, love,
To those long pass'd and spent.

SONG OF THE SUMMER BREEZE.

BY DAVID R. WILLIAMSON.

WHEN balmy Spring
Has ceased to wring
The youthful bud from the old oak tree,
And the sweet primrose
No longer glows
On the glad hill-side by the sun-filled sea ;
When the cuckoo's wail
Has ceased to go
O'er hill and dale
In a pensive flow,
And the deepest shade
In the woods is made,
And the brightest bloom on the fields is laid ;
When the lord of light,
With a lover's pride,
Pours a beauty bright
O'er his blushing bride,
That lies below
His glowing gaze,
In a woodland glow, and a flowery blaze ;
When Winter's gloom
Of wind and rain
Is lost in the bloom
Of the flower-lit plain,
And his ruins grey
Have died away
In the love-sent breath of the smiling day ;
When the beauteous hours
Of the twilight still,
With dewy tears in their joy-swelled eyes,
See the peaceful flowers
On the cloudless hill
Send scented gifts to the grateful skies ;

And the wave-like grain
O'er the sea-like plain
In peaceful splendour essays to rise;—
From my silent birth in the flowery land
Of the sunny South,
At time's command,
As still as the breath of a rosy mouth,
Or rippling wave on the sighing sand,
Or surging grass by the stony strand,
I come, with odour of shrub and flower
Stolen from field and sunny bower,
By lowly cot and lordly tower.
Borne on my wings, the soul-like cloud,
That snowy, mountain-shading shroud,
That loves to sleep
On the steep hill's crest,
As still as the deep
With its voice at rest,
Is wafted in dreams to its peaceful nest;
At my command
The glowing land,
Scorched by the beams of the burning sun,
Listing the hum of the drowsy bees,
Thirsting for rain, and the dews that come
When light has died on the surging seas,
Awakes to life, and health, and joy;
I pour a life on the sickening trees,
And wake the birds to their sweet employ
Amidst the flowers of the lowly leas.
From the bright woodbine,
That loves to twine
Its arms of love round the homes of men,
Or laugh in the sight
Of the sun's pure light
'Midst the flower-gemmed scenes of the song-filled glen;
And the full-blown rose that loves to blush
'Midst the garden bowers,
Where the pensive hours,

Awaiting the bliss of the summer showers,
List to the song of the warbling thrush,—
I steal the sweets of their fragrant breath ;
 From the lily pale,
 That seems to wail,
 With snow-like face
 And maiden grace,
O'er the bed that bends o'er the deeds of death,
 I brush the tears
 She loves to shed
 For the early biers
 Of the lovely dead.
When still twilight with dew-dimmed eye
Sees the lord of light from the snow-white sky
 Descend at the sight
 Of the coming night,
'Midst the waves of the tremulous sea to die !
 When glowing day
 Has passed away
In peace on the tops of the dim-seen hills,
That pour from their hearts the trickling rills,
 That dance and leap
 In youthful pride
To the brimming river deep and wide,
 That bears them in rest to their distant sleep ;
 And the gladsome ocean,
 That ever presses
The bridal earth in fond caresses,
 Rages no more in a wild commotion ;
When the distant hills appear to grow
 At the touch of evening bright,
And the sunless rivers seem to go
With a deeper music in their flow,
 Like dreams thro' the peaceful night ;
 I fade away
 With the dying day,
Like the lingering gleam of the sun's sweet ray !

MY LADY.

BY RICHARD LAWSON GALES.

'T WAS a calm, peaceful even, and the shrouds
Of English twilight dying on the trees,
And a great sunset beating through the clouds,
Were as one dreaming sees,

In olden England, in her days of prayer,
All lying calm and holy, with the smell
Of hawthorn, and of primrose in the air,
And sound of vesper bell.

Hands clasped, eyes closed, my Lady knelt to pray,
Before an open, ancient, well-worn tome,
Amid the gloaming, and the gathered grey,
The Angel of the Home :

And, circled with the holy light of prayer,
No sweet Madonna, dim in cloistral shrine,
Nor Guardian Angel, o'er her new-born care,
Nor woman-form divine,

That softly steal amid the dreadful sheen
Of blades uplifted in war's tyranny,
Doing for God and man her work serene,
More exquisite than she.

And yet no freër soul hath Alpine maid,
Dwelling amid her cloud-wrapt mountain-pines ;
And ne'er on earth a gentler spirit played
From where the Spirit shines ;

Nor marble form of beauty from the Greek,
Nor goddess on ambrosial nectar fed,
Nor white-veiled, dark-eyed houri, pale and meek,
In "City of the Dead,"

Strewing the rose-leaves o'er the lowly grave,
Made radiant by that act of simple grace,
Ere such sweet joy of spirit-beauty gave
As was reflected in my lady's face.

Nor Christian Lady in a lonely tower,
Watched and imprisoned, veiled and alone ;
Nor high-born maiden, leaving friends and dower,
And love, and e'en her throne;

And leaving all she had, for the calm grace
Of a meek life, and spirit free from strife ;
Had more of God's own spirit in her face,
God's presence in her life.

More fresh and tender than the pink-flushed bloom
Of dewy apple, or pale orange star,
My Lady's prayer-dewed soul, and in the gloom
As strong, but brighter far

Than pyramid, or temple Egypt-old,
With lotus carven on the pillars grey,
And weird stone faces, all grown dark and cold,
Of Gods as dark as they.

The twilight deepened—still the Lady knelt,
And deeper grew the spell that circled me,
And still I stood, and watched, and thought, and felt,
As one who thinks to see

The Archangel bearing through the fragrant gloom
The Annunciation Lily's triple flower,
I felt its unseen petal's sweet perfume
Stir that soft twilight hour.

The Lady rose with all her yearning stilled,
And the calm peace that comes from earnest prayer,
And all my life with that great joy was filled,
To see a face so fair.

SATISFIED.

BY A. HICK.

WHEN life's stern discipline is o'er,
And the spirit, freed from pain,
Basks on that bright eternal shore
Where earth's billows beat in vain,
The soul shall highest joys partake,
Its every longing gratified,—
For those who in Christ's likeness wake
Shall have all longings satisfied.

When our steps have safely wended
Through the tangled paths of life,
And the toilsome journey's ended,
Oft with doubt and danger rife;
When the warfare is accomplished,
And our armour laid aside,
When the soul's foes are defeated,
Then we shall be satisfied.

When earth's cisterns, dry and broken,
Tempt no more to taste and drink,
But the precious words once spoken
By Samaria's shady brink,
By One who offers living waters,
(Which shall still the heart's long cry
Of earth's yearning sons and daughters)
Shall for ever satisfy.

A COLLOQUY BETWEEN AN OAK AND POPLAR TREE,

*Founded on the tradition that our Saviour's cross was
made of poplar wood.*

BY CAPT. L. ROBINSON.

“**P**AUSE, stern oak, before you deem
That I'm the coward thing I seem,
Because I'm in an endless quiver,
And my leaves for ever shiver.
There lies a curse upon my tale,
Which made the universe bewail ;
A curse, but still was Heaven's door
Opened by the weight I bore.”
Thus spoke the tree, with aspen leaf,
As if it trembled in its grief.
“A truce,” replied the sturdy oak,
“To the random words you spoke.
Am not I the Forest King ?
And you are but a stripling thing,
Shaken by the faintest breeze
Which ripples 'mong the sturdy trees.”
“Nay, taunt me not,” the poplar cried,
“On such as me the Saviour died ;
If not upon this very grain,
Upon my ancestors the stain,
And we are doom'd to bear the shame,
The bitter burden of man's blame,
And shiver to the very heart,
When we recall the awful part
We were then compelled to play,
On that agonizing day ;
When earth, and all her noblest trees,
Convulsive shook in zephyr breeze ;

When darkness o'er the land was sent,
And the Temple veil was rent ;
When saints arose from open'd grave,
Proclaiming " Christ had died to save."
So can you wonder when you think
How from deserving wrath we shrink,
Quivering, to the inmost core,
When we reflect on Him we bore ?—
For the gentlest Heaven's breath
Seems to sentence us to death."

THE GENIUS OF CHARLES DICKENS.

BY CORNELIUS NEALE.

THE laughter of Dickens hath blown
Like a beautiful wind o'er the world,
Refreshing the sad and the lone,—
How his thunder at avarice hurled,
At cruel oppressors of men,
Made knaves in their cowardice quail,
So stung by the lash of his pen ?
Fond master of genial tale,
Untainted by sourness of sect,
Nor scaring with cant of the schools—
His is the loving respect
Of a wide spreading realm where he rules.



DISAPPOINTED.

BY M. F. WALKER.

I PASSED along the crowded streets,
I passed by Temple Bar ;
I heard the busy hum of life,
All round me and afar ;
And eagerly the passers by
I scanned, so I might trace
The features of my own true love
In each new-comer's face.

I listened for a light foot-fall
To tell me he was near,
I listened for a gentle voice
My drooping heart to cheer ;
But darker grew the wintry sky,
More quickly fell the rain—
All weary, too, the moments grew
With love's suspense and pain.

I heard the clocks strike out the hour,
Upon that dreary day ;
I saw the evening shadows fall,
Then sadly turned away.
He did not come ! but now I know—
Alas ! it could not be,
For on that very day my love
Entered Eternity.

FOR EVER AND AYE.

I SPOKE of my love in the sweet Spring time,
When the buds had blossoms borne—
We plighted our troth in one long embrace,
Mid mellowing fields of corn.

Oh! sweet were the lips I pressed to mine,
Oh! true were the tender eyes,
That gazed into mine with their silent love,
Their hue of the liquid skies.

And the joy-bells rang ere the Summer passed,
Ere the Autumn turned to gold;
Then my darling was mine "for ever and aye:"
We dreamed not of Winter's cold.

But yet it came, with its cruel blast—
Oh! Winter of grief and pain,—
And left in my heart an aching void,
Ne'er to be filled again.

Lo! all is now as a dream long past,
As I tread the world alone;
With every joy of my young life hushed,
In a muffled under-tone.

But my darling is mine "for ever and aye,"
Though sunshine turn to rain;
For if we are parted a little while,
We are sure to meet again.

"MYTH."

TRUST AND WAIT.

(A Tale of Saxon Times.)

“**A**H! but Ethelred, I am only a Thane’s daughter, and you are an Earl’s son. No, you will go with your armed followers, and join my lord, and then you will speed on your mission to the powerful Danish King. You will mingle with famed valorous chieftains; you will see gentle maidens with golden hair, and calm white brows—then, amid the pleasures of princely-courts, I shall be forgotten.”

“Does Elfrida think,” enquired the love-softened tones of her lover, “that I can ever look with pleasure on the daughters of our oppressors?”

“Time brings so many changes which are hard to understand,” said the wistful-eyed girl, her voice quivering as she thought of the parting now so near. “Why does the wind freshen into the strong gale to tighten the floating sails of our foes, and thus waft them to our shores? Why does it not rather lash the waters into bewildering sheets of foam around their vessel’s prow, and whistle madly in their shrouds, till the black tempest arises, grim herald of doom and of despair?”

“Better,” replied the young man, with lowering brow, “that our arms had prospered; then, instead of this mission to entreat peace, they had fallen like rain beneath our swords, and proved how the Saxon bows could speed home their arrows to the mark. And yet,” he continued more hopefully, while his eyes kindled with the patriot’s fire—“and yet, altho the raven standard is still unfurled above wasted Saxon homes, and down trodden Saxon lands, we have hope in our hearts and faith in our ultimate success. So be patient little one, for all will yet be well.”

“I cannot be patient, Ethelred,” the girl replied, with fast-falling tears. “Mother, sisters, and brothers have all been slain by these cruel invaders; only my father and you, my betrothed,

are left to me,—and yet you say that you must follow your lord on this dangerous hopeless mission. These rapacious invaders have broken so many oaths sworn to our good King Alfred; and still the Earl will journey far into Wessex, to treat with them.”

“If this fail us,” he rejoined, determinedly, “we have yet another chance—we will meet the second reinforcement on the sea, the moment that our watchers discern their sails; for, in these troubled times, Elfrida, men must be brave and fearless; women must be hopeful and trusting.”

“They say,” persisted his companion, that these Norse seamen are protected by the mighty Sea-God; that he quiets the tumultuous waters in their track, and dispels the fitful gusts before they reach their sails.”

If it be so, it were better to perish on the wide plain, where the arrow has wounded sore, or die battling with the billows, than stay to hear, day by day, some fresh tale of woe, to see some castle or hamlet burst into flames, and echo the wail of famished women and children: worse still, to find our monasteries and nunneries destroyed, and the sacredness of their inhabitants made light of. And now my darling, the time that duty can give to love has passed, and we must say farewell.

A passionate cry burst from the young girl's lips, and her face turned ashen white.

Breaking in two a small gold ring, her lover pressed one half of it to his lips and gave it to her, saying, “Keep it Elfrida, until I return to re-unite the circlet, and with it our lives. Meanwhile trust and wait, Elfrida. The powers of heaven may for a time obscure the star-light, but the dawning will dispel the clouds, the light of morn will disperse the mists of night-time.”

* * * * *

Before sunrise next day, Elfrida watched the court yard of her home fill with armed horsemen, true Thanes and devoted Thralls, eager as their plunging chargers to start. Then they swept out of the castle gates, and her eager eyes distinguished Ethelred's form, as he rode beside the Earl. She saw his hand outstretched to raise to her his plumed cap, as he had done a few moments previously to his sisters and cousin, who like the Thane's daughter watched the band depart—then, checking the impulse he turned

his earnest gaze on her face. There was that in his fearless blue eye, that constrained her to "trust and wait," as he had bid her, through many a weary day, during which she spun at her wheel industriously, and fashioned rough garments, to protect the remaining members of the household from the winter's snowy gale and driving sleet. No longer did the lady Editha's voice soften as she addressed her bower maidens; while frequent tears dimmed her bright eyes when called upon to disentangle skeins of azure blue, vivid red, or delicate floss, for the ladies' embroidery.

Her face paled, and the fragile hands trembled when, at wide intervals, a mounted messenger brought tidings of his lord's welfare to the anxious people. She heard how the peaceful mission had changed into the rush of arrows and the clash of swords; also of the disheartening repulse of the Saxons, and the King's determination to intercept another fleet of the invaders just appearing eastward.

Night after night, unknown to the household, the Saxon maiden stole out after the gloaming was lost in darkness, to climb the high hill (where sacrifices had once been offered to the God Woden), overlooking the ruthless waters. Night after night, piling brushwood and dried turf, until the large pile was ready for lighting, whose blazing light should rest on the distant glittering waves, and prove a guiding star—a beacon light, to guide her lover home.

The long day of anxious suspense was passing fast, when Elfrida left her home once more as she had been wont,—but this time to light the mass of fuel she had so patiently collected. Long, fierce blazes shot up into the air, and before the last, glowing embers had flickered and died out, the shore echoed with glad shouts of victory and triumph. The victors rejoicing over the captured ship and rich spoil; those who had been watching at home rejoicing over the victors safe return. But their joy and triumph was over-shadowed by some fair-haired children crying wildly for those whom they had left sleeping beneath the wave, while women pressed closer the little ones that they held in their arms, and wondered, grief-stricken, what the morrow would bring to them.

Hidden by the drooping branches that clustered around her

father's rude enclosure stood Elfrida, the Thane's daughter. Silently she watched, as the rejoicing throng wended their way past her dwelling to the castle; the night wind wafting to her ears the sounds of their revelry and joy. Leaving the noisy shouts, and the sight of flashing pine torches, she returned to their one apartment alone.

* * * * *

Meanwhile in the castle a brave young Saxon chief left the councils of grave, earnest elders and passed through the banquetting hall, filled with noisy revellers, to seek a Thane's cottage; marking with his keen eye as he passed through, that its owner made one of the feasting throng. As once before he had come to bid her "trust and wait," now he came to rejoice in their mutual joy.

"And my lord's brow did not darken like a thunder-cloud, Ethelred?" she asked, incredulously, "when you told him of our love."

"At first he refused to listen to my plea, Elfrida; but when I spoke again we lay in a trench, side by side, on the sodden ground, arrows flying over our heads in showers, and my two brothers laid beside us, stretched in the dreamless sleep from which men do not waken. When we ploughed the deep, exhausted with our victory, as the beacon light flared to guide us to land, and deep murmurs of thankfulness arose from the tired crews, I knew whose hand had lit the pile, and said as he glanced at me but one word, "Elfrida"; and he, ever chary of words, replied "She has done more than 'trust and wait.'"

A few days later and the cemented circlet glittered on Elfrida's finger as she knelt at the altar of unhewn stone, with her brave newly made husband.

Yet the war was not determined, and as he knelt with hushed spirit, and the deep glow of strong love pervading his soul, the bridegroom could hear the clarion of his leader, calling all to arms; and as the bride felt his lips meet hers, she knew that it might be his last as well as first kiss as her wedded husband.

Many years after that well remembered morning, when Elfrida's brown hair was changing fast into silvery whiteness, she remembered her own words, and replied to them in her

heart, that "He had not forgotten his people, or forsaken them in their sorrow, and harrassed conflict," their troubles had only been, "to chasten, to purify the fine gold." She sat in honour and comfort in her husband's home, and heard him relate to their brave, eager sons how King Alfred had wandered an outcast, in hut and marshy waste ; living afterwards to conquer, and bravely rout the merciless invaders, driving them back to their Northern shores ; she heard him tell of that hot summer's noon, when the deer huddled away into the green depths of the forest glades, and the wild fowl forsook their watery haunts, as the Saxon bishops consecrated the water, and baptised the grim heathen warriors after Alfred's glorious victories ; his followers standing with lowered weapons, and reverent brows, as the destructive pirates passed down their ranks to the baptismal font. She heard him tell their fair-haired daughters how their gentle mother had waited, patiently and trustfully, through long anxious days and nights of wearisome suspense, and alone climbed the steep hill on the outlook, when the fierce winds shook the trees in its passage through the dark trackless forest, sweeping across the lonely plain, with a moan as weird and unearthly as a witch's incantation ; but remembered through all, as he had bidden her, to "trust and wait."

REGINALD.



MIZPAH.

BY B. G. AMBLER.

GOD watch between us when we are apart,
Keep us from discord, doubting ;
I see the beating of thy true young heart,
Thy sweet lips pouting ;

The flowerets of romance have filled life's vase,
Full, even to o'erflowing ;
But parting draweth nigh, 'tis time we pause,
Somewhat more knowing.

Hair that hath bound my heart, once merry eyes,
Strangers to glance of anger,
We cannot live for aye in Paradise,
Rapt in soft languor ;

For men must out into the world, to strike
And take hard blows, maids living
At home, where every day is much alike,
Their faith are giving.

Yet both are noble, the false world allures
One, he its power resisteth,
The other's worth, who patiently endures,
In hope consisteth ;

So each has duties, darling, not the love
Of face or form, but being,
Clinging of soul to soul, as those above,
'Neath eyes all-seeing.

The holy tenderness no years can blight,
The all-entrancing capture,
To which death brings but an immortal light,
A perfect rapture ;

This is the truth of love, that we should see
Through tears a future meeting,
That each one's words should to the other be
An angel-greeting ;

That the world's sin should vanish 'neath the smile
Whose light seems taste of heaven,
And thoughts be full of worship all the while,
Free from earth's leaven.

Such is the love we bear, through joy and woe—
Think, that great God has seen us ;
Pray, that His love may ever keep us so,
And watch between us.



THAMAR CAREY.

BY G. BIANCA HARVEY.

CHAPTER XIV.

JEROME CAREY had been tracked at last. The love of drink, which had been creeping upon him, was the means of its being discovered who he really was. After he had spent six months roaming from place to place, imposing on the credulity of the few who would trust him, he once more returned to England. It was a fatal step to take, as he found to his cost.

It was during one of Jerome's drunken bouts that he was taken ill, and in the ensuing struggle the false beard and whiskers which he wore fell off. Unfortunately, one of the men at the public-house had read the description of the murderer, and instantly recognised the handsome features from the rough sketch. The disguise worn by Jerome confirmed his suspicions, and as soon as he could steal away he carried the intelligence to the police.

When the gambler recovered his senses he saw what had happened and, with some difficulty, made his escape.

But Jerome had lost his nerve and pluck, from continued and heavy drinking, and he was pursued to his wife's house almost directly. It was a wet, windy night when he staggered into the little sitting-room; the wild terror in the bloodshot eyes, the livid pallor of his face, telling Blanche what had happened.

With a piercing cry she ran to him, and fainted in his arms.

There was no time to restore her. With an oath, Jerome flew to his one remedy—brandy. Glass after glass was drained in mad excitement, and when Blanche recovered her senses it was to find her husband raving in *delirium tremens*. Help was obtained, and the gambler was secured, to keep him from taking his own life, or inflicting injuries on others.

But twenty-four hours had passed when a loud knock at the door called the weary wife from her husband's side.

As she unclasped the door, three men stepped in. They were detectives.

With blanched face she drew back, appalled. "Why have you come?"

"You have one Jerome Carey hidden here," said the foremost, touching his hat respectfully.

Passing her, the three men went upstairs to search the house, leaving two other detectives outside, in case the prisoner should try to escape.

"My husband is ill! Oh! you cannot take him!" sobbed the young wife.

The gambler had heard the sound of voices in the hall, and had guessed what it meant. Fresh courage seemed to animate the sinking frame, and he sprang from the bed on which he lay, and seized his pistol. "They have come for me, have they?" he shouted. "Let them touch me if they dare! Jerome Carey will die game."

"I arrest you for the wilful murder of Count Beautinois—" began the man, stepping forward, but the gambler sprang at him with the fury of a wild beast at bay. However, a few moments sufficed to secure him.

Then Blanche crept quietly up to the side of the bed, and took her husband's hand in hers. The touch roused him, and he raised himself feebly, with labouring breath.

As the glazing eyes fell on the silent group, a spasm passed over the gambler's face. With all his remaining strength he strove to shake himself free from the cord that bound him; but it was too securely fastened.

A cry of hate and despair burst from his lips; and his dark orbs flashed with mingled malice and fear as he shouted, "Aye, stand there and look at me!—but I tell you I am beyond your power now. I have foiled you before? I will foil you again. Did you think I should die like a dog? No, the gallows will—" he broke off and fell back with a groan.

"Jerome! Jerome! oh, my darling! speak to me!" sobbed the terrified wife, raising him in her arms. "Oh! Doctor, it cannot be he will die."

"Die!" repeated the man, "die! I tell you it was necessary.

Ruined ! Never mind—another game ! Fortune is a tricky jade, and I may win yet.” A pause ; and then he commenced again —“ It is cold—so cold. Bring the brandy. What are you staring at ?—can’t you understand ? Blanche—where is she ? Left, me I suppose. A ruined husband—a murderer ;”

“ I am here, Jerome, at your side. Oh ! do you not know me ? ” said Blanche eagerly.

“ Know you, of course I do. Thirty thousand pounds. Oh ! ” and the dying man’s voice rose, “ stand off ! stand off, I tell you ! Would you murder me ? Am I a coward you should threaten me with your—— there, there, close now—Blanche ! Blanche ! ”

“ There is nothing near you, indeed, Jerome,” said Blanche, her whole frame shaking with suppressed fear.

“ Nothing ! he said hoarsely, seizing her hand. “ Nothing ! I say they are waiting for me. Ah ! I defy you all—all. I will foil you yet. Ha ! ha ! ”

The gambler had scarcely ended his horrid peal of laughter, when his head dropped, and he fell back in his wife’s arms. With a curse upon his lips, and agony in the glaring eyes, the spirit of the wretched man passed away.

* * * * *

Philip and Rose Graham were married a year after Jerome’s death ; and were as happy as two such dispositions deserve to be. Faithful and true the young clerk had always been ; and his sudden good fortune did not make him proud or hard. He remembered the sad event which had been the means of raising him to the position he occupied, and the recollection damped the pleasure he experienced in possessing such a home and wife. Two children were born to them, a boy and girl ; and the merry voices brought gladness and sunshine to the old “ Manor House.” As Rose had been a good daughter, so was she a good wife. No one ever came to her in distress or want without being cheered by her kind words and liberal help.

And Blanche ?—what of her ? She still lived at Polpeer. The rocks and sands were dear to her, for it was among the caves and along the sands she had wandered happily with her lover years ago.

Frederick (the man whom Thamar Carey had deprived of his honoured name of Tregore) never married. The disastrous end to his love-dream had sunk deeply into his heart, and he had no wish to form new ties. "I am not unhappy, dear Blanche," he wrote, "for I have my time fully occupied. Neither would it be wise to give myself up to useless regret. The Past cannot return to us; but we have the Future before us."

"He is a good man," said Rose Tregore, thoughtfully.

"Yes, and a generous one too. Few men would have behaved as he has," returned her husband.

"I wish he could have married Thamar, then he would have been happier."

"I doubt it."

"Why?"

"She would have dragged him down to her level; and he might have become a less noble man."

"But he loved her?" she said, wonderingly.

"There is more wanted than love to make marriage happy. There must be mutual respect and esteem," returned her husband, proudly and fondly.

CHAPTER XV.

THAMAR CAREY had been removed to a lunatic asylum. Mechanically she obeyed whatever was said to her; but without the slightest appearance of interest. Even when a smiling lady came up to her, and introduced herself as the Empress of Mexico, assuring her that it was all a mistake her having been confined in such a place, for she was perfectly sane, Thamar did not speak.

"My dear, I have been looking vainly for a friend, and at last I have found one."

The chatty little lady was about forty, of small stature and delicately-formed features. In right of her fancied rank she carried herself with great dignity; and issued her commands in a slow, pompous voice. The haughty bearing and silence maintained by the new-comer attracted her; and she instantly claimed her as her property. She could not have found a more obedient servant, to fulfil the place of slave. With passive obedience Thamar followed her new friend, attentive to her least command. When the Empress felt inclined to chatter she had the most attentive of listeners; when she wished to be quiet her companion did not annoy her.

Strangers entering the garden would have been struck by the curious friendship that existed between the two women. First, with raised head and proud bearing, walked the dark-eyed, volatile lady, gathering her robes closely around her, as if she feared contamination. A few paces behind came her slave, with slow steps; obedient to the slightest word or call of her royal mistress.

There was real affection in the little lady's heart towards her dutiful follower, for she would often fling her arm round her, and kiss her; calling her when very pleased, "My child."

When Thamar died her grief was excessive; and it was pitiable to see the lost air with which the poor Empress would mope about the garden, in the old accustomed places.

If Thamar had been in the partial possession of her senses, the two women would most likely not have been friends; for Thamar's regretful manner would have disgusted her companion.

It was a strange thing that while Jerome had been so accomplished, his sister did not possess a single talent. She could neither sing, play, nor draw. It is true she had not been taught in her childhood. There had been too little money and too much hard work to allow of two idlers in the family, and if the brother spent the money the sister had to earn it.

Still, in the later years she might have devoted a little time to her neglected mind; but the woman seemed to have no love for art.

Even when she was engaged to Frederick, no idea of making herself either pleasing in dress or manner entered her mind. She

did not try to enter into his pursuits or consult his taste. If he were displeased she bore the rebuke silently, without showing anger or shame ; but made no attempt to alter what had annoyed him.

There was certainly no attempt to appear in her lover's eyes any better than she really was. He loved her, that was sufficient ; she did not stop to think why he had chosen her from among so many. The fact that he had done so satisfied her ; and she did not think of changing her old ways or ideas to suit him.

Now and then a burst of feeling would transform her from a moving statue into a passionate woman ; but such moments were rare with her, and proved more painful to her lover than her ordinary stiffness and apparent insensibility.

The character of Thamar Carey is a strange one ; but possibly her faults were greatly atoned for by her great love : and now to conclude with the words of one who had studied human nature in many phases —


“Love that owes nothing to the merits of the creature loved, but is poured forth freely from the abundance of the lover, is purest love. It is most like God's irrespective impartial love for His creatures. A proud woman cannot love thus ; she will love ‘worthily’ and comprehensively, adding honour to herself from the honorableness of the one loved ; yet, perhaps, it was thus that one woman loved long ago, who was forgiven much because she had loved much.”

THE END.



MILTON.


"As in the land of darkness, yet in light."—(*Samson Agonistes*.)

 LOFTIEST poet ! A frail house of clay
 Sought vainly to contain thy heav'n-born mind ;
 Aloft the spirit soared, in flight to find
 Some mansion where 'twas good for her to stay.
 Through mist and cloud she winged her upward way,
 Seeking in vain another of her kind ;
 No kindred spirit moved upon the wind,
 And all was dark, as though dull night held sway.
 When sudden on the poet's raptured ear
 Burst angel-anthems, sweet, yet full of might ;
 And quick the spirit caught the grand refrain,
 For he who knew no mortal man his peer
 For ever closed his eyes to earthly light,
 And gave the angels' song to us again.

KELA.

FORSAKEN YET NOT FORSAKING.

BY J. RAYNER.

 ALL it a dream, a little idle dream—
 Say Time and Space were things which did but seem ;
 That rolling months were bounded in an hour,
 And every scene raised up by mystic power.
 Say all that was was *not*, all speech was dumb,
 Each action hollow as the sounding drum ;
 All weird-like shadows swiftly gliding by ;
 Reality a sham, and Truth a lie—
 And being thus a dream it flitted with the night,
 Then startled thou didst wake, and put the shades to flight.

Or else, be thou the rock, whose rugged side
Rolls back, and scatters the swift surging tide ;
So heave the wave of time some years aback,
And sunder all between in one fell wrack.
'Tear from the calandar the voiceful days,
The happy love-fraught hours : purge out, erase,
Uproot from earth the spots we so well knew :
The said unsay, and that achieved undo—
Then o'er the chaos thou hast wrought let darkness play :
A solemn, awful gloom, my midnight of to-day.

Or else, in mercy one poor kindness do—
Thy love withdrawn, root out my memory too—
Aye ! pluck the canker-worm that aids the smart,
And, vampire-like, preys on my bleeding heart.
Seal up these eyes that feed sad memory's curse,
Deafen these mental ears, that aye rehearse,
And mocking wake in me where'ere I rove
Undying echoes of thy now lost love.
Ay! tear out lines like these in Retrospection's book,
"This day I wooed and won"—"This day she me forsook."

Or else (the rest is futile), be again
An argosy of joy—not source of pain.
This human barque, freighted with so much woe,
Ploughs deep the love-lorn sea—must it be so ?
Restore thy hand and heart and bid me rise
By thy love piloted—thy kinder eyes :
Recall the glad bygone, and say you deem
The past the *fact*—to-day the hateful *dream* ;
And bid my *future* memory, like the morning light,
Stream backward on the *now* to show how dark this night !

WAITING.

BY C. S. PHILLIPSON.

WAITING !—yes, I have been waiting since the first dawn
of the day,
With an ever deep'ning longing for its hours to pass away :
Heedless of the cold wind's sighing, heedless of the winter's
rain—
Of the leaves that lie a dying in the woods and on the plain !

Waiting with the wearying question ever on my fev'rish lip.
“ Will another bring me sunshine, pleasure that I long to sip ?
Or will morn or even, sliding ever noiselessly away,
Leave me waiting, worn, and weary through each bleak
November day ? ”

Waiting !—yes, we all are waiting—for a something undefined—
For illusions which are springing even in the infant mind ;
For the germ of something better than the soul has tasted here ;
For the everlasting essence of Eternity's bright sphere.

Nothing foils us, yet undaunted, still we wend our weary way,
Longing, hoping, praying, waiting, eager as a child at play ;
Feeling there's a spark within us which some day must kindle
flame,
Make existence something better than a vague and cheerless
name.

Waiting !—ah ! that word has meaning for the ear that knows it
well,
I have waited from my childhood, hopeless as each evening fell—
As each day-light's dawning brought me nothing that I wished
to gain,
Only strings of deeper longings, restless luggings at life's chain.

Many a youthful year I waited for a voice to thrill mine ear,
For the pressure of a warm hand which has never drawn more
near ;
For the light'ning glance of kindness, which like glowing sun-
shine burst
O'er my spirit for one moment, to be long by memory nurst.

Waiting vainly for its radiance the heart's worship to return—
Ah ! what is it that enthrals us, and for what do we so yearn ?
For the shadow of a being which on earth we may not know,
For the substance which that shadow can at least but poorly
show !

All are waiting ! childhood's waiting for the riper years to come,
Manhood for the tranquil shelter of some peaceful earthly home,
Old age for the smiling haven God has promised shall be ours !
Where the sunshine's never darken'd, but brings forth unfading
flowers !

Some are waiting for a loved voice ne'er on earth to sound again,
For the nearing of a footstep which they listen for in vain ;
Seeking with a strong endeavour not to murmur or rebel,
But to bear with patience ever, meekly owning "It is well !"

Morn has brighten'd—Eve has vanish'd, Night's mists wrap the
distant hill,
And it finds us watching, waiting with a firm, undaunted will !
Every night and every morning spirits whisper soft and low,
"Hush ! have patience ! Heav'n is dawning, and an end to
waiting so !

Time is passing—Time is hoary, and his limit drawing nigh ;
Death's dread finger's tipp'd with glory, and it beckons to the
sky,—
Where the waiting hearts and weary shall obtain a sweet repose,
And in regions bright and cheery find a balm for mortal woes !'

AN OLD TALE.

THE words are dim—not many words in all ;
But, ah ! the joy and pain these words recall.

“ At sunset by the bridge above the mill ”—
So runs the postscript of the oldest note,
Writ many years ago,—the hand that wrote
Is stiff and cold, the loving heart is still.

“ We were observed—beware, and have a care !
Miss Sneerwell watches, and may set a snare.”

So runs the second, but the warning made
The lover bolder ; Cupid ne’er will slay,
But winds his chains about his willing prey,
Scorning the forces ’gainst his heart arrayed.

“ Lord Oldstock has proposed—the die is cast—
We are undone.” Alas ! so runs the last.

ROBERT MACPHERSON.

THE HINDOO GIRL’S SONG.


BY T. J. WISE.

THE moon shines down with its glimmering light
On the Ganges’ peaceful wave :
Bear soft, little bark,
Thy tiny spark !
And, O ! like my love be brave.

The stars peep down from their seats above
 As the Ganges flows along :
 Bear safe, little bark,
 Thy tiny spark !
 And, O ! like my love be strong.

The breezes blow on the surface clear,
 And ripple the waters blue :
 Speed, speed, little bark,
 With thy tiny spark !
 And, O ! like my love be true.

LINES TO AN "ENGAGEMENT" RING.

 H ! little sparkling ring of gold—
 So tiny, yet so dear—
 Earnest of all the brightest hopes
 That woman's heart can cheer ;
 Token of loyal fealty,
 Of truest, warmest love
 That e'er was lent to glad this earth
 By pitying Heaven above.

Dear little jewelled, golden band,
 That binds his heart to me,
 Until replaced by plainer pledge
 Of wedded unity :
 Shine ever brightly on my hand—
 No shade thy lustre dim,
 So shall my soul for ever glow
 With Love's true light for him !

F.E.T.

AFTERMATH.

BY F. E. B. TAYLOR.

WHAT are our hopes? but as the light
That round a meteor plays;
The double darkness of the night
Reveals its startling blaze:

For, whirling on, its glories die,
No more is seen its light;
Thus glorious hopes arise on high,
Thus swiftly fade from sight.

And what are joys? but as the leaves
That deck the budding tree;
When Autumn gathers in his sheaves,
Alas! where will they be!

They wither 'neath each sultry blast,
And one by one fall down:
Thus earthly joys decay at last
'Neath Time's destructive frown.

But as the snowdrop 'midst the snows
Its tiny head uprears,
So through life's storms there gently glows
A hope of after years.

A sober joy surrounds the close
Of life's fast fleeing day;
The soul awaits in calm repose
Its transit far away.

REVIEWS.

"SLEEP, SWEET SLEEP," by Miss Emily G. Ianson, is a charming song. The authoress is skilful both as a musician and a verse-writer. The publishers are Patey, Willis, & Co., 39, Gt. Marlborough St.

"THE LITTLE WINTER ROBIN" (Mac Dowell and Co.)—another song, from Miss E. G. Ianson's pen, is one that should become very popular. It is fresh and melodious, and its compass (from B to F) is suited to most voices. We fully endorse the praise bestowed upon it by our contemporary "The Queen."

NOTICES.

In our next number we shall resume our critiques and notes upon contributions not up to our standard. Writers names will only appear when desired.

"Ianthé," a dramatic poem by Leonard Lloyd, appearing in the Poets' Xmas Annual, can be obtained of the author, price 6d. (half-price).
 "Full of thought and of Dramatic vigour."—Morning Post.
 "Powerfully written."—Australian and New Zealand Gazette. "Vigorous-ly sketched and containing many excellent passages."—Daily Chronicle.
 "Much good reading."—Examiner. "Vigorous verse."—The Queen. "Has good passages."—Lloyd's News. "Deservedly attractive."—Broad Arrow. "Contains several sweet lyrics whose cadences cling to the memory."—Brief.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

We propose offering monthly a prize of Two Guineas for the best poem occupying a page of this magazine.

Particulars of the first competition will be announced in next number. Only subscribers will be allowed to compete: and we shall ask each contributing subscriber in turn (who is willing to undertake the work) to receive the poems sent in, and acquaint us with the name and address of the author of the best, that we may forward at once a cheque for the amount.

TO OUR READERS.

Original contributions are invited for this *Magazine* from all possessing literary talent. Special terms are made with authors of note.

Prospectus containing full particulars can be had of the Editor.

Letters and M.S.S. (with stamped envelope for reply,) must be addressed to Leonard Lloyd, 62, Paternoster Row, E.C.

